

The
NEW SPIRIT
of the
NEW ARMY

JOSEPH H. ODELL



spirit of the new arm
04
000
040104



1977

arl A.

940.17

002

6840

WITHDRAWN
L. R. C. LIBRARY

WITHDRAWN
L. R. COLLEGE LIBRARY

DATE DUE

GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U.S.A.

The New Spirit
of
The New Army



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

The New Spirit of The New Army

*A MESSAGE TO THE
"SERVICE FLAG" HOMES*

By
JOSEPH H. ODELL

With an Introduction by
NEWTON D. BAKER
Secretary of War



NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

Copyright, 1918, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 17 North Wabash Ave.
Toronto: 25 Richmond Street, W.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 100 Princes Street

10.47
Od 2.
cop. 1

*To the memory
of
Lieutenant W. W. Odell, M. C.
9th Sherwood Foresters, B. E. F.
who fell in
Flanders, October Fourth, 1917
while gallantly
leading his men in an attack
upon the German trenches*

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON

To the Soldiers of the National Army:

"You are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. Everything that you do will be watched with the deepest interest and with the deepest solicitude not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole nation besides. For this great war draws us all together, makes us all comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves to be when we first made good our national independence. The eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom.

"Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America.

"My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you!"

WOODROW WILSON.

Introduction

WHEN this war is over and the men and women of America have had an opportunity to obtain a perspective on its conduct and results, there will be an adequate appreciation of Dr. Odell's statement about Camp Hancock: "I would rather intrust the moral character of my boy to that camp than to any college or university I know. This does not cast any unusually dark shadow upon the educational institutions of the country, but they have never possessed the absolute power that is now held by the War Department."

Camp Hancock is by no means unique in the quality that inspired this expression of praise. The training camps that are fitting our men, both of the army and navy, to fight for the cause of democracy are builders of moral as well as physical stamina.

These chapters interested me greatly when in part they first appeared in *The Outlook*, for I found in them a complete understanding of the work of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities.

The scope of the Commission's activities is even wider than is indicated here, and its work is growing rapidly. Special library buildings have been built at the camps, and the American Library Association has undertaken the work of conducting them. Camp theatres seating audiences of three thousand have been erected, and the men are enjoying the best theatrical performances at prices of from ten to twenty-five cents. Eminent actors and managers are coöperating with us in this field.

Coöperation, indeed, has marked the work of the Commission at every turn. Americans acknowledge their debt to the soldier; they believe in him, and in return the soldier believes in his mission. For a succinct statement of the value of this work, I cannot improve on what Dr. Odell says :

"If Germany should crumble before these men should get into action, if we have lavished billions of dollars to train men for battles they will never fight, yet the money has been well spent, and I consider it the best investment in citizenship the country could have made."

NEWTON D. BAKER,
Secretary of War.

Washington, January 14, 1918.

Foreword

AMERICA is on trial in the court of the nations. Democracy has set forth to prove its fitness to determine world affairs. For many years Europe has taken us at our own valuation and has conceded our efficiency, resourcefulness and decisiveness. To a very large degree—perhaps to the point of peril—we have accepted ourselves at our own valuation, and we have been more than content with the audit. This war has been merciless toward illusions. One question is now paramount in every mind: Will America stand the test? Our allies look to us for the final contribution toward winning the war. There is nothing fictitious in this attitude, nothing of mere courtesy or flattery; the responsible statesmen of Great Britain, France and Italy, frankly acknowledge their dependence upon the United States. We have responded with a solemn pledge to use our utmost resources to meet the demand. Three years and a half of heroic and ghastly struggle and

the outpouring of millions of lives will have been in vain unless we can mobilize our moral and material forces and rush them rapidly to the support of our gallant allies. Liberty and justice cannot be preserved to mankind by phraseology. America must be the victor or the victim in this death-grapple with autocracy.

Our first and greatest asset is the quality of our manhood. Russia has failed, not for lack of quantity in man-power, but because of a flaw in its quality. We are perfectly right in the confidence that the traditions and customs and habits of a normal state of society entitle us to expect victory. But with hundreds of thousands of men torn from the normal state of society new perils arise. Military establishments have always been the easy prey of moral vampires. Our problem is: How to keep our splendid one-hundred per cent. manhood at the one-hundred per cent. level of efficiency? No other nation has yet succeeded in doing that. I think we shall succeed, and mainly because of the remarkable work of the Commission on Training Camp Activities.

During my tour of the training camps and cantonments I gave my attention to the morals and the morale of our army, leaving

the material equipment and accoutrement for another occasion or for a different investigator. I asked no questions about blankets, clothing, small arms or artillery. The following chapters are the record of a first hand investigation, made without prejudice or predilection, for the purpose of telling the millions of relatives and friends of the soldiers what camp life and the military régime are doing for the young manhood of the nation. The editors of *The Outlook* asked me to write impartially and frankly, condemning things bad as freely as praising things good. I am happy to say that I found very little deserving of condemnation. The marvellous co-operation of the military authorities and the various voluntary agencies has produced a moral and social environment for our troops in training which is unparalleled in history.

From the time the articles began to appear in *The Outlook* I have had numerous letters confirming my general conclusions. Parents, brothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts may rest assured that every possible safeguard is being placed around the character of their dear ones. Indeed, more than this, every conceivable incentive is being summoned or created to stimulate a healthy moral life in our citizen-soldiers. Of course, there are

isolated details or detachments of men for whom little can be done in an organized way, but in the great camps and cantonments it is difficult to conceive how anything more could be done. Whatever may be said of our material preparedness, it is certain that the moral resources of the nation have become swiftly and effectively available in this period of crisis.

JOSEPH H. ODELL.

Troy, N. Y.

Contents

I.	THE SOUL OF THE SOLDIER . . .	15
II.	THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY . . .	35
III.	DEMOCRATIZING THE ARMY TO SAVE DEMOCRACY	59
IV.	THE MEN BEHIND THE MEN WHO FIGHT THE HUNS	75
V.	MAKING DEMOCRACY SAFE FOR THE SOLDIER	95
VI.	WILL AMERICA FAIL?	111

I

The Soul of the Soldier

I

THE SOUL OF THE SOLDIER

OF our present army on foreign service, or in training at home, more than one million enlisted ; the balance were drafted. In the National Army cantonments there is a spirit of contentment and coöperation just as hearty as that which is evident in the National Guard and Regular Army camps. If we could get a composite picture of the motives which led to the million or more voluntary enlistments we might have a glimpse of the seed which is growing into the soul of the American soldier. But the men will not answer a questionnaire with simplicity and frankness ; perhaps, not being trained psychologists, they cannot. Their answers are humorous, or evasive, or represent the mood of the passing moment, or their powers of composition fail them in trying to describe a set of mixed or complex motives. I have questioned them directly and indirectly, and the answers seemed to simmer down to this : they were caught in a

movement which they did not try to resist. "Everybody was doing it ;" "I didn't want to be left out of the show ;" "Seemed to be the only thing to do ;" "Every decent chap ought to fight when his country is at war ;" "Thought it would be a fine experience." Among the enlisted men I have not found one who flamed out with righteous indignation, or who proclaimed himself ready to die for civilization, or who professed a passion for making the world safe for democracy, or who posed as a St. George to save Belgium or France from the Hohenzollern dragon. Yet all of this proves nothing except that the seed of the soldier soul, like all other seed, prefers to germinate out of sight.

Whenever I have talked at any length with individuals or groups of men they have showed an eagerness to know about German atrocities. Was it true that children's hands had been hacked off, that nuns had been violated, that Canadian soldiers had been crucified, that the girls and women of the Somme district had been carried away by the Huns for unspeakable purposes, that the wounded in the hospitals had been deliberately shelled ? They wanted details of these things, I found, to confirm their convictions of horror created by the better known out-

rages, such as the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the bombing of London and the firing upon the life-boats of torpedoed ships. Then, almost invariably, they expressed a lurid desire to be introduced to the Kaiser or the chinless Crown Prince. So I have been forced to the conclusion that the motive which they did not or could not express was an instinctive revolt against the brutality of misdirected force. They were dimly conscious that some horrible evil was moving out against everything decent and honorable in the world and because the European nations could not defeat the thing alone America must help. It was a hard and dirty piece of work, but it had to be done, and they were willing to lend a hand. But I found very little exaltation of spirit and practically no spread-eagle patriotism; they were calmly bent upon business.

Of course this does not mean that they never feel the thrill of a spiritual purpose. It simply means that passionate and consuming motives were not the original incentive to their enlistment. In the camps and cantonments there is a well defined plan for lifting the thoughts of the men to a high level. Speakers such as ex-Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Henry

[illegible]

As He died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on."

A thrill ran through the building as the men sang ; they showed their response in their faces and their voices.

The note of vicarious sacrifice had been struck. After noticing this among troops who had been less than two months in training camp and three thousand miles from the fighting front, it is not difficult to believe the British chaplain, Thomas Tiplady, when he says that the favorite hymn of the London regiments during the terrific battle of the Somme was :

" When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

Such experiences do not negative the earlier statement concerning the general stolidity of our men, but they point out that "the hard and dirty piece of work in which they are to lend a hand" may be lighted up occasionally by a nobler beam.

This brings us squarely to the question of the religion of the camps. Is there any? Of course. What is it like? Well, it is so

much like religion everywhere and yet so unlike religion anywhere that it is peculiarly difficult to define. The first thing that strikes one is that the religion of the camps is more intimately a part of the daily life of the men there than it is in other places. A man can live in a civilian community for months and absolutely avoid any contact with organized and articulate religion; a soldier cannot live for a day in a camp or cantonment without being in touch with something closely identified with religion. A man can work in a mill or factory for a lifetime and never see an authorized representative of Christianity about the plant; in the army the chaplain is one of his officers. And the chaplain, if he is worthy of his office, finds a score of ways of coming into the lives of the men. A real chaplain is as valuable an asset as the regiment has; a lazy or incompetent chaplain is worse than an incubus. But at any rate the chaplain is as much a part of the organization as the adjutant or the officer of the day.

But with and behind the chaplain there are the Young Men's Christian Association and the Knights of Columbus. The buildings in which these institutions do their work are dotted about the camp, close to barracks or

tents, and the soldiers cannot move a hundred yards without seeing them. They are not closed nine-tenths of the time as are the churches at home. No one needs to change his clothing to enter them. Moreover, they are so interwoven with the normal life of the soldier that they seem to be his own, as nothing else in camp is his own. And they stand for religion. He writes his letters from the same bench as the one he uses in listening to a sermon; he plays games under the same roof that shelters him in receiving the Sacrament or Mass; he sees a thrilling movie in the same place in which he sings the hymns he learned in childhood; the same secretary who referees a wrestling match or a boxing bout talks to him later about God. There is nothing remote or separate or esoteric or mythical about this religion; it fits into the order of the day as naturally as the meals in the mess-room; it interweaves itself with the common occupations of his leisure hours. The church in the home community never did that; no man ever thought of dropping into it to smoke and chat, to write a letter to his sweetheart, to laugh at Charlie Chaplin, to see a couple of local champions spar for the honors of the ring.

Other distinctions fade also. The lines be-

tween the Protestant, the Catholic and the Hebrew remain but they are not emphasized and they are never exaggerated. But among Protestants the denominational fences are entirely gone. Common sense has done in a month what committees on comity could not have accomplished in a millennium. A strict Baptist mother visited her son in one of the cantonments on a recent Sunday. She was deeply solicitous that her boy should receive proper religious instruction. "Was there a Baptist preacher in camp?" He did not know, but he would inquire. Yes, one was to hold a service that afternoon and give an address in a distant Young Men's Christian Association hut. They trudged over together and heard an inspiring address on how Christ is always the Comrade of every man who fights for truth and righteousness and how He is their Companion even when they are not conscious of His presence. "He walked with the two disciples on the road to Emmaus although they did not recognize Him; He was with Mary by the sepulchre early in the morning when she thought He was only the gardener; He broke bread with His disciples before they knew it was He." And, the speaker continued, "He is near you and with you even though you do not see

Him ; you will find Him on the ocean as you are going over there ; He will creep along with you when you go out on duty over ' No Man's Land ' ; He will spring over the top with you when you go into battle ; He will never leave you nor forsake you." The dear old mother was delighted and told the preacher how happy she was that her son could hear such good Baptist doctrine. " But, Madam," said the speaker, " I am not a Baptist but an Episcopalian." Later the son said, " Mother, I took the Sacrament from that man this morning." " Never mind," she said, " it sounded all right and my heart tells me it must be right. What he said was too good not to be true."

And the kind of preaching to which the men respond ? Of course, it goes without saying that the " Dear Brethren " sort of sentimentalists get scant attention. Men who are preparing to meet the machine gun spray and stand up against gas and liquid fire are not interested in spiritual cosmetics. Curiously, also, the typical, flamboyant, " Believe or be Damned " kind of evangelist, with his dogmatic theology and his shibboleth tests, makes little impression. Dr. John Timothy Stone, who is doing very effective work in Camp Grant as religious director, writes to me

of his experience to this effect: "The soldier must see the man before he sees the religion the man is trying to present. He believes that a man should have breadth of view as to the convictions of others, but must sound no uncertain note as to his own firm belief. Naturalness in a speaker is also an essential. We find that a few earnest words put in ten or twelve minutes are of far more value than lengthy expositions or drawn-out addresses."

The hundreds of thousands of men in the training camps are elemental; they have broken away or have been torn away from the elaborate artificialities of community life; they are getting ready for a very elemental thing—killing the other man or being killed by the other man. They are in no mood for the extraneous or the artificial in religion. Speakers like Sherwood Eddy, Harry E. Fosdick, Grenfell, van Dyke, Cadman and Ralph Connor reach them instantly because they deal with the imperative things of the soul and they recognize the kind of soul with which they have to deal. Words that are simple, direct, earnest and freighted with a vivid and vital personal experience grip the men instantly. They are modest also and too busy learning the elements of soldiering, digging trenches and obeying imperative

orders, to be moved by mock heroics. They do not want to be magnified and glorified into saviors of humanity ; at least, not yet, not till they have actually come to grips with the Hun.

Possibly the most obvious feature of camp preaching is its practical application. It is a dynamic intended to produce an ethic. Its aim is not the discussion of a subject but the attaining of an object. If an attempt is made to stir the emotions it is done that the emotions may direct the will and issue in character and conduct. Hence one hears nothing about predestination but much about prayer, little about doctrines but a great deal about duty. For instance, there are many ways of defending men from the evils of immorality. The Commission on Training Camp Activities is using all the resources of the Federal Government in war time to suppress the temptations in the near-by communities ; the Medical Corps of the army is placing literature in the hands of the men dealing with the physical perils of sexual indiscretion, also the same Department is treating the exposed cases in such a manner that the consequent physical evils are prevented ; the Young Men's Christian Association and the chaplains, while working whole-heartedly with the authorities

in these measures, are taking the highest moral grounds in dealing with the men. I heard the subject dealt with in a religious talk in one of the buildings. The speaker said: "Men, the thing is wrong and you know it is wrong. It is just as wrong if you don't get caught as if you do. It is like stealing or lying or killing—those things are bad whether you are found out or not. Adultery is a breaking of God's law and you never break God's law without breaking your own manhood. You must stand up and fight every evil desire, because to give in is wrong—it is wrong toward God, toward the woman—whether she is a professional or not—it is wrong toward yourself, it is wrong toward the army, it is wrong toward everything decent in human society." When we were coming out I heard one enlisted man say, "He's got our number; but there ain't any use arguing about that, he's dead right."

In the matter of liquor the men have realized that their enforced abstinence has produced nothing but beneficial results. There is not much need to preach on that subject. It is amazing how the desire has almost died out with the abolition of temptation. I sat one evening with a group of officers and discussed the subject. Not one of them had been a

total abstainer until the Federal Law went into effect ; two of them confessed that they had never missed an opportunity to drink within reasonable limits ; they all admitted that since they knew they could not have it they had practically ceased to desire it. Of course, I do not mean that the army is absolutely bone-dry, but the drinking is reduced to an unbelievable minimum. What there is of it comes through the mistaken kindness of friends. In the first period of the cantonments there was considerable boot-legging in Trenton and Lowell, but the authorities have grown vigilant and the scoundrels timid. No, it is friends of the men who are the worst offenders. "Poor devils !" they argue. "Can't get much fun in those dreary camps ; let's give them a ray of good cheer." Then they buy a flask and push it into the coat of the soldier. Now, the psychology of the flask is not properly understood. It is usually inferior whiskey ; it contains just too much to drink within a limited time, but not sufficient to share with another ; there is likely to be enough left in the bottle, after the soldier has had about as much as he really wants, to put him out of business, but it is too precious to throw away, therefore he drinks it ; its consumption takes him into back alleys and dark places, where

other perils lurk. A man may keep his manhood standing at a bar and drinking a glass of beer, but the flask rots out his self-respect and honor and courage, leaving him a sneak as well as an offender against military law. If the good-natured friend of the soldier once comes to understand what he is doing, he will cut out this peculiarly vicious form of treating.

There are all kinds of men in the training camps as there are everywhere else. There are men with the morals of a mud turtle and the vision of a bat, but there are also multitudes who are spreading the contagion of a splendid manhood through the barracks. Some will come back to civil life unimproved, but they are the ones who would go to the devil on a desert island. But many, many thousands will testify in years to come that the first glimpse they ever had of the possible beauty and grandeur of life came from association with their comrades in camp. For example, in Camp Devens there are numbers of men who came from the textile cities of New England, where socially, economically and morally they were pre-damned; they have never had a chance to know anything or be anything. But in Camp Devens, not counting the commissioned officers or the personnel of the Depot Brigade, there are

six hundred and ninety-five college men representing twenty-seven New England colleges and universities. They are the best of our race, the flowering of the purest and sanest homes, men who could found another New England as their forefathers did three hundred years ago. They were drafted into service and their influence upon the thousands of other men is already having a marked effect.

Few people, even among our political and moral economists, realize the influence of taking a million and a half men out of our competitive system and placing them under the law of coöperation. When the men understand that their messmates are not trying to steal their jobs or get their money they haven't the slightest objection to doing kindly and generous things for one another. The complexion of their world has changed and they change with it. When they see that the best men in camp are not ashamed to be decent they want to be decent too; when they find that some are not afraid to pray they are willing to pray also. Two men went to the Young Men's Christian Association director in Camp Devens and said they were in the habit of kneeling down and saying their prayers every night at home.

What ought they to do here? "Try it out," was the advice. They did; the second night two others in the barracks joined them; the third night a few more; gradually the number increased until considerably more than half of the men resumed the habit of childhood and knelt by their cots in prayer before turning in. A company captain, in one of the cantonments, the first evening his men stood at attention for retreat, said, "Men, this is a serious business we are engaged in; it is fitting that we should pray about it." There and then, this Plattsburg Reserve officer made a simple and earnest prayer for the Divine Blessing upon their lives and their work. The impression upon the men was described to me as tremendous. Such incidents, although not common, indicate the general spirit of the new armies; the better men and the men of ampler early opportunities are already exercising a refining and an uplifting influence upon their less favored fellows. Old misunderstandings and prejudices are passing away; social distinctions are giving way to a new solidarity; individual goodness, repressed for lack of an encouraging environment, is coming frankly to view. The effect upon the favorites of fortune is no less marked than upon the men who came from

mean streets and stifling tenements. A young millionaire, whose most serious business in life had been buying automobiles and raising fancy stock on a country estate, was doing manful work as a corporal in a Supply Company. "This is the real thing, after all," he said to me. A Princeton graduate of '16, now a Reserve officer, said that his company, in six weeks, had gathered more spirit for team work than his college class had generated up to the middle of the Junior year. "How did they do it?" I asked. "They all started on the same level and aimed for the same end. There has been nothing to pull them apart in cliques, rather everything binds them together. They have picked up speed and snap; nothing can stop them now. And I haven't seen any of the little meannesses so common in a college."

So there are a hundred reciprocal influences playing on the men all the time; some are being remade, others modified; many who had never known the impelling force of a great motive or the alluring spell of a high ideal have found both in the purpose and spirit of the new army. When I began my investigation of the camps my proclaimed aim was to discover, not what kind of soldiers Uncle Sam would send to France, but

what kind of men Uncle Sam would send back to their homes and their communities after the war is over. I have discovered both ; for in making better men we are making finer soldiers, and in making efficient soldiers we are producing a higher type of men—healthier physically, broader mentally and nobler spiritually. If Germany should crumble before these men can get into action, if we have lavished billions of dollars to train men for battles they will never fight, yet the money has been well spent and I consider it the best investment in citizenship the country could have made.

II

The Miracle of Democracy

II

THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY

AN old time Regular Army officer stood watching thousands of drafted men straggle into camp. It was pouring a cold, unintermittent rain from leaden skies. The men were cluttered with suit cases and bundles ; they were drenched to the skin and in a stunned and surly mood ; some of them, from the industrial centres, were in the moral and physical reaction of heavy farewell drinking. And the cantonment was scarcely half-finished ; the barracks were bleak and desolate barns ; the roads were ankle deep in mud ; one of the dishevelled batches of men wandered for miles about the camp before it could find quarters ; most of the officers were as remote from orientation as the men. The Regular Army man knitted his brows and there was anxiety in his eyes. "We shall have to build a barbed wire entanglement twenty feet high and ten feet deep around the camp to keep these men from deserting in a body," he said.

Undoubtedly the outlook was ominous enough. Forty thousand men torn from their familiar haunts, their accustomed ways, their lifelong environment, and pitched together into a wilderness of unsightly and comfortless shacks, under orders which they could not dispute and from which they could not appeal, to do things they had never done before and which they would never do of their own accord—surely it was a perilous venture for democracy. A callow youth from the farm sat next at mess to the habitu   of the Tenderloin, mother's darling from the suburb bunked beside the gunman from the underworld, the exclusive fraternity man from the exclusive college stood at attention between two grimy immigrants who could speak no English, the bootblack and the bartender flanked the immaculate banker. Forty thousand of them and in their midst every centrifugal element of personality known to a complex and experimental social organism, yet with nothing to keep them from flying into forty thousand separate human atoms except an Act of Congress.

The Regular Army officer is not to be called a fool for thinking that barbed wire would have to supplement legislation. He was wrong, utterly and emphatically wrong,

and probably no one rejoices more than he over the falsifying of his prophecy. That welter of dissimilar, divergent and dangerous units of humanity has been made to coalesce into an obedient and cheerful army. Within thirty days each regiment and battalion and company had an *esprit de corps* which was obvious even to the casual observer. At Camp Devens three men from the Depot Brigade, after seven weeks of training, revealed their minds to me without reserve.

"We are moving out next week," they said, "going to one of the Southern cantonments."

I congratulated them, telling them of the warm climate, the blue skies and the beautiful scenery. To my surprise they were in a mood of resentment.

"But we don't want to go," they objected. "It's awfully cold here and no heat in the barracks, but we like it. We know our way around, we've got lots of pals in the camp, the Y always has something good going on, and the officers are white. Why can't they let us stay?"

One of them had been a shipping clerk in a wholesale grocery, another was a member of the Typographical Union and the third had worked in an automobile repair shop.

"What do you like best about the life here?" I asked.

The answers were dissimilar in form but the substance was the same, translated thus: "We started out to learn to do something and to be something and we can see that we are making progress."

The shipping clerk made an illuminating contribution: "Everybody at home sympathized with me when I was drafted. They said the officers would grind me down with drills and orders until I was only a mechanical number. You bet I hated to come, but the scare tales were all fakes—if a fellow does his duty he's treated like a man, exactly the same as in business."

But the most important remark came from the linotype man: "Back home I didn't pay much attention to the war because it seemed so far away. The man who worked on the machine next to mine was a socialist. He was a great reader. He said he had read everything on both sides and that Germany wasn't understood in this country because all our news was doctored by English influence. His conclusion was that the war was a rivalry between competing monopolies and this country sided with England because our monopolists stood to win most if Ger-

many lost. Well, when I came here I wanted to know what kind of a job I'd got into. I've read everything I could find and I know now what we are up against. We're not fighting the Huns, we're fighting Hell, and if we chaps don't know our business the devils will crucify us as they did the Canadian soldiers and the nuns in Belgium. Lots of fellows here are beginning to understand that too and that's why they are putting their hearts into the work. But if you are going to write up these camps tell the Government, or the Y, or the folks at home, to send us more war books, books full of the real stuff; we eat 'em up. The high society novels they send are punk for men in camp."

Comparatively few of the men, however, have sensed the seriousness of their job from books. Nor did it come to many of them from the formal drills, the setting-up exercises or the acquisition of military terms and habits. The reality, the grim but thrilling reality, of their business came from the bayonet. Men can stand at attention without paying attention, they can form columns of fours automatically, they can salute as a matter of easily acquired habit, they can learn the bugle calls by subconscious absorption. But no man can wield the bayonet without vis-

ualizing death. The first and chief duty of the bayonet instructor is to make men visualize death—their own or their foe's. "You must get him before he gets you; it's him or you, him or you, him or you." Then the ghastly seriousness of the business comes over the recruit; the dreadful alternative flashes along every nerve and commands the muscles of the eyes, the legs and the arms as they have never been commanded before. It searches his soul and marks him as a coward or a man; it puts deep lines on his face and galvanizes his will; it changes him almost instantaneously from a civilian to a soldier. Discipline is comparatively easy for the officers after the men have felt the meaning of cold steel.

When the soldier is once made discipline is simple. One of the most astounding things about the cantonments is the ease with which the heterogeneous mob has settled down into orderly, obedient and cheerful military units. Infractions of military or civil law have been less in quantity among the National Army men than infractions of civil law alone among an equal number of men in civil life. Major-General J. Franklin Bell has made a clear-cut statement about Camp Upton which is almost

incredible but which is indubitably true: "We have a democratic army. We have an army where no man shirks, but every one does his utmost to help. Do you know that we have had the troops at Camp Upton—there are 30,000 of them—for two months and we have not had a single court-martial. We have had no court-martial because nobody has done wrong. Let me modify that, nobody has done wrong intentionally. We are all learning—beginners as it were, but all of us are doing our best."

Colonel M. B. Stewart, the Chief-of-Staff at Camp Devens, could not go as far as General Bell but he was positively enthusiastic about conditions in his cantonment: "The temper and spirit of the men could not be better; the situation here is excellent in every respect; there is not an officer who is not highly gratified by the results so far obtained," he told me. But I wanted the opinion of some one who was actually commanding. I chose Colonel A. S. Conklin, of the 303d Field Artillery, a Regular Army man who knows what an army means and what it means to make an army. He glowed with pleasure as he talked about his men. "They are simply wonderful; fine, clean, sturdy fellows from Maine, New Hampshire,

Vermont and other parts of New England. They understand why they are here and are putting the best of body, mind and heart into their work. There is no surliness, no reluctance; indeed, the very opposite; when an officer has to correct them they actually thank him and say, 'It won't occur again, sir.' It is going to be comparatively easy to make first-class soldiers of men with such a spirit." But I think General Kennedy, commanding at Camp Dix, was the most enthusiastic officer I saw concerning the drafted men. He confessed that he could not get over his sense of amazement that his division was settling down to its work with such unapproachable spirit. One could see satisfaction and pride in his face and feel it in the timbre of his voice. And yet Camp Dix is probably the most difficult of all our units, with an unusual amount of unlikely and recalcitrant material drawn from the foreign sections of industrial communities. Officers of various grades and branches of the service in Camp Gordon gave me exactly the same impression about conditions in their cantonment.

"Barbed wire twenty feet high and ten feet deep to keep the men from deserting!" Never was a prediction wider of the mark;

never was a fear more completely wiped out. And yet not one of those hundreds of thousands of men went into a cantonment on his own initiative ; Uncle Sam stretched out his hand, tore them up by the roots from their familiar and well-loved environment, dropped them into an ugly and comfortless place, abrogated the civil liberties which they had been brought up to look upon as their inalienable rights, put them to work at rough, unaccustomed and monotonous tasks and held before their eyes, as the culmination of it all, pain, gas suffocation, mutilation and death in a foreign land at the hands of a brutalized foe. And yet,—this is the miracle of democracy—the cantonments are probably the most contented and cheerful spots in America, where laughter, cheers and songs ripple or ring through the air a hundred times a day.

What wrought the miracle ? Many things. First and foremost I put the solicitude of the authorities for the welfare of the men. Probably forty per cent. of those drafted had not been the objects of care since infancy. But no sooner did they arrive in camp than all kinds of mysteriously inquisitive officers began to show a persistent interest in them. Were they clean ? Some were not. Some had

never been bathed in their lives, or at least since babyhood. A medical officer at Camp Dix told me of one recruit who was so absolutely filthy that no one would touch him; the hair on his body had grown back into his skin; he was alive with vermin. They had to put him on the ground and scour him with brooms and soft soap. Following the cleanliness inquisitors came the uniformed dentists who examined every tooth, extracting some, filling others and issuing peremptory commands about tooth-brushes. Then another uniformed under-study of Providence insisted upon knowing the condition of the man's feet, showing an incomprehensible concern for ingrowing toe nails. Was not all this enough? No, it was only the beginning. The recruit could not drink water unless it had been analyzed, he could not eat meals which had not been tested first by scrupulous official palates, he could not sleep in his bunk unless it were certified to as being correctly made, he could not buy anything at the Post Exchange except what had been allowed on sale as pure, he could not even march or drill with his mouth open for fear of germs. So the men began to realize their value, they were worth Uncle Sam's most constant scientific attention. Instead of irritating the men

it gave them a new sense of self-esteem. Possibly they wondered why they had not been worthy of as much solicitude while they were mere citizens, but at any rate they were now aware that they were valuable assets. The flattery pleased them even though they seemed to chafe under its application.

Naturally and logically there followed the buoyancy of abounding health. The cleanliness, the simple but wholesome fare, the regularity of exercise, the open air, brought something absolutely new to a majority of the men—they felt the surge of a rich vitality in their veins. Thousands and thousands who had only subsisted hitherto began really to live. They had come from the gloomy canyons of our big cities, they had been torn from the cubbyholes of industrial offices, they had left forever the lung-clogging lint of the mill, they had jumped the counter and bade good-bye to the effeminacy of the department store; yes, I feel certain that a majority of the men in the cantonments had been liberated from haunts or occupations which sapped their health and within a month had felt themselves to be reborn.

There will doubtless be many National Guard officers who will receive my next statement with incredulity. I believe the in-

fluence of the Reserve officers has been a most potent factor in the rapid moulding of the drafted men. In the National Guard camps the Reserve officers did not take their places with ease. Plattsburg and Madison had not given them experience in handling men who had just come back from Border service and many of the Non-Coms were more proficient than the wearers of brand new uniforms. But in the National Army cantonments the Reserve officers and the drafted men were beginning together and each knew it. There was mutual tolerance ; when the officer muddled his commands and tangled his men in a hopeless formation, it was received with humor rather than scorn ; hauteur slipped out of the budding officer's bearing. The Regular Army officers in the cantonments spoke much more confidently of the Plattsburg probationer than did the National Guard officers in the camps. Such a psychological situation is possible only in a democracy. And the Reserve officers are keenly anxious to grow just a little faster than their men ; they have a passion for leadership which springs from a genuinely sacrificial motive. They want their units to overtake the National Guard and stand abreast of the Regular Army as quickly as

possible, that when they lead their men into action no one will be able to make any invidious distinctions between the types of troops which face the common foe.

Still, not all of these military considerations combined could have achieved the happy results so noticeable in the National Army ; something more, something different, was needed. Enforced cleanliness, an accession of health, abundance of wholesome food and a consciousness of duty faithfully performed cannot assuage the pangs of homesickness or compensate for the involuntary break in lifelong habits. There was a chasm to be bridged. Fortunately democracy is the real Pontifex Maximus. The people of America said : " These boys are ours ; we give them to the great crusade of our own free-will ; we must do everything conceivable and possible to make them feel that the uniform has not lifted them out of the normal life of the nation." So the people immediately set about to normalize the environment of the soldiers and thus head off any drift toward militarism. They fraternized with the men wherever khaki was seen ; they opened their homes on Sundays to total strangers as if the visitors were their own kith and kin ; they hung out service flags and were as

proud of the star which symbolized the drafted man as of the one which represented the Regular Army officer.

This response of the people produced immediate results. Officers of the Federal Service found state and city officials ready to coöperate in eliminating the grosser temptations from the communities adjacent to the camps. Haunts of vice which had flourished under local political protection for decades were effectually closed. Except through the efforts of some degenerate boot-leggers and the mistaken generosity of occasional foolish friends, liquor was made inaccessible to the soldiers. Clubs, lodges, chapters of fraternal organizations and a multitude of benevolent societies held open house for officers and enlisted men. Churches suspended their stereotyped activities and concentrated upon providing entertainment, comfort and inspiration for the army. Everywhere I have found nothing but respect and affection ; the camps are family affairs upon a national scale. If the Red Cross asked for one hundred million dollars the people insisted upon making it one hundred and twenty-five millions. If the Young Men's Christian Association needed thirty-five million dollars the people poured out more than fifty millions, and said,

"Come again." Every fund projected for the benefit of the army is oversubscribed. The reflex of this upon the men in the camps is incalculable. It is not a cold storage Congress disgorging money reluctantly under executive pressure, but a nation-wide offering of affection—it is largesse de luxe. The spirit of it thrills back through the cantonments and the men say in their hearts, "We will be worthy." That is what makes an army, an instantaneous and an invincible army, in a land where all the traditions of thought and action have hitherto been set against militarism.

While a vast amount of this national service for the national army has been spontaneous and undirected, it is only natural that the larger part of it should be organized in order to function most effectively. Hence the War Department's Commission on Training Camp Activities, Mr. Raymond B. Fossdick, Chairman. The work of the Commission is to coördinate every available force in American life for the physical, mental and moral benefit of the soldier-body. It aims to fill every spare minute of camp life with occupations which meet the appetites of men accustomed to free, civil life ; to eliminate or reduce to a minimum the evils which have

always hovered like vampires around military establishments ; and finally, by a federated pressure of healthy influences, to strengthen and increase the moral health of the hundreds of thousands of men whom the nation has called to specialized citizen service.

Undoubtedly many parents, wives, sisters and friends of the men have been seriously disturbed by the wild statements concerning immorality on the part of the soldiers. For six weeks I have made close investigation of such charges and without the slightest hesitation I brand them as infernal lies. Here and there, now and then, a soldier transgresses ; any one would be a fool and an ignoramus to believe otherwise. But let the reader think out the situation. A camp of forty thousand men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one implies the most virile section of a city of more than three hundred thousand inhabitants. But no camp produces in a month a fraction of the immorality practiced in such a city in a week. Facilities, opportunities and temptations, open to civilians all the while in a large civil population, are not presented to the soldiers. Only the most hardened and desperately insistent can find the few and well-hidden run-

ways of vice. The bulk of the men's time is preëmpted by rigid military duties ; the larger part of the balance of their time is filled by occupations of the most wholesome nature provided within the camp by the various organizations working together under Mr. Fosdick's Commission. Occasionally the men go to the near-by communities and there the vigilance of the Government has practically driven away all commercialized vice, and has made it next to impossible for a soldier to obtain a drink of liquor. The communities near the camps are the most vice-free and orderly places I know in America or in any other land. To assert that our American moral sanctities are being violated wholesale by the soldiers is a vile insult to American womanhood and a form of treason toward the Government, and every such accuser should be tried instantly as a public enemy.

I saw Mr. Fosdick on the subject in his Washington office. He is one of the calmest and keenest men I have ever met, yet he is vibrating with a splendid moral enthusiasm. Here is what he said :

"The War Department has three lines of defense against the evils traditionally associated with armies and training camps. The first line consists of the positive, recreational

activities designed to take the place of the influences we are trying to eliminate.

"I remember standing in the street of Columbus, N. M., shortly after Villa devastated the village. Five thousand troops were encamped near by. There was nothing whatever in town to interest the men in their hours of leisure—no moving picture shows, no reading rooms, no places to read and smoke, no homes in which they would be welcome, not even a place to sit down. In fact, there was nothing at all in town except a few dirty saloons, and a red light district. That these places were liberally patronized was due to the fact that there was nothing to compete with them.

"It is not going to do any good merely to set up *verboden* signs along the road. Military regulations against these evils can be made ad infinitum, but nothing will be accomplished unless we can positively create wholesome, red-blooded sources of recreation and entertainment for our troops during their leisure hours. Otherwise, we are not even going to make a dent in the twin problem of alcohol and prostitution.

"Obviously, therefore, the Commission on Training Camp Activities is more interested in its positive recreational program, both

within and without the camps, than it is in anything else. This is our first line of defense.

“Our second line of defense, in case our first fails, lies in the police measures which we are taking to surround the men with a healthy environment. The powers conferred upon the War Department by Sections 12 and 13 of the Military Draft Law have been of great assistance in curbing the evils; and the machinery of the Department of Justice, of the Intelligence Department of the Army, and of many private organizations, such as the American Social Hygiene Association, the Committee of Fourteen of New York, and the Committee of Fifteen of Chicago, have been enlisted in the fight. Through its own agents in the field, the Commission is keeping in constant touch with the situation surrounding every military camp in the United States.

“As concrete examples of what has been accomplished may be mentioned the closing of red light districts in the following cities: Deming, N. M., El Paso, Waco, San Antonio, Fort Worth, and Houston, Texas; Hattiesburg, Miss.; Spartanburg, S. C.; Norfolk and Petersburg, Va.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Alexandria, La.; Savannah, Ga.; Charleston,

Columbia and Greenville, S. C.; Douglas, Ariz.; Louisville, Ky.; and Montgomery, Ala. New Orleans has passed an ordinance which will wipe out its red light district on or about November 15th. Many cities in which no red light districts were formally tolerated have, at the instance of the Commission, abolished their open houses of prostitution.

“ The third line of defense, in case the first two fail, as far as disease is concerned, lies in the very excellent plans for prophylactic work laid out by the Surgeon General’s Department. Not only have we an inescapable responsibility to the families in the communities from which our young men are selected, in keeping their environment clean, but from the standpoint of our duty and determination to create an efficient army we are bound as a military necessity to do everything in our power to promote the health and conserve the vitality of the men in the training camps. This war is going to be won on the basis of man power, and we cannot afford to lose a single soldier through any cause with which medical science can successfully grapple.

“ These, then, are the three lines of defense which the Government is setting up to protect

the character and efficiency of its troops. In so far as it is humanly possible to accomplish it, we are determined that our young men shall come back from this war with no scars except those won in honorable conflict."

As a result of visits to many camps, searching investigations in the near-by communities, conversations with scores of officers and hundreds of enlisted men, and a careful questioning of various civilians who know the military situation intimately, I believe that Uncle Sam is going to send back to their families and communities hundreds of thousands and possibly millions of men, infinitely better qualified physically, mentally and morally for the duties of citizenship in a democracy than they were when called to the colors.

III

Democratizing the Army to Save Democracy

III

DEMOCRATIZING THE ARMY TO SAVE DEMOCRACY

ALL my preconceptions went by the board when I settled down for a while with my old regiment, the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Infantry, at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia. I had known the Thirteenth intimately, from ten years of service as chaplain. When I laid down my commission about four years ago, it was a typical National Guard regiment, well officered, proud of its traditions, but always somewhat ragged about the edges. Our annual encampments were jolly affairs, streaked with conviviality (not to any excess, as National Guard units then went), and the serious side of soldiering was difficult to sustain. The commissioned officers were wholesome fellows, but civil occupations for fifty weeks of the year precluded the possibility of focusing much attention upon their men.

It so happened that I was with the regiment on October 17 of this year, when the higher command moved about seventeen

hundred men with their subalterns over to another regiment. The transfer was a heart-breaking affair—a mutilation which left the remaining officers stunned. One major confessed that he had to go to his quarters and blubber. I met the captain of the machine gun company and asked him to take me through his company street, as such a regimental unit had been unknown in my day. At first he demurred, then reconsidered. "I might as well go down there now; I've got to do it some time." The mess hall was there and the equipment tents and the storehouse. Beyond those only four tents stood in the street. Then tears came into the captain's eyes and a lump in his throat. "Only twelve men left out of the company!" he gulped. "Oh! isn't it awful, after the work I've put into those men for fifteen months!"

Such is the new spirit of the army. The officers are brooding over their men like a hen over her fluffy chicks. They know each man intimately, his eccentricities and idiosyncrasies; they guard him against his weaknesses and encourage his virtues; they are as solicitous about a blister on his foot or a cavity in a tooth as they used to be about the rating of the spring inspection of the entire

company in the days of old. The commissioned officers and even the battalion commander eat from the same mess as their men. All are bound together by vital ties, genuinely human affinities, and the result is a miracle in morale. That is the great outstanding feature of the new armies; if you have had any experience of military life, you feel it the moment you enter the training camp.

While writing about the old Thirteenth Regiment I may as well make another startling statement. Although at war strength, there has not been a new case of venereal disease discovered in the six weeks they have been at Camp Hancock. The statement seemed incredible, so I went to the divisional surgeon, Colonel W. E. Keller, and verified it with my own eyes on the daily health reports at headquarters. Such a thing is almost beyond belief. The Judge Advocate also told me that in six weeks there had been only four cases of "drunk and disorderly" in the entire division of 27,000 men. Naturally I wanted to know what lay behind this almost immaculate condition.

The little city of Augusta is only four miles from the camp, and I determined to make an investigation. A newspaper man, writing for a syndicate of papers in a Northern city,

helped me considerably. "This is a Sunday-school outfit with a vengeance," he said. "Where can you get a drink? Why, old man, you will have to go back home for it! I've been here six weeks, and I don't know where you could get a 'pony' to save your life. There was a man here last week who had a bottle in his room, but he's gone now. They tell me that if you make friends with exactly the right native, and he's dead sure you're not a plain-clothes man, he might get a bottle of rye for you, but it would cost from six to ten bucks and be damned poor stuff at that! And women? Why, there isn't a house in town, and I doubt whether there is a professional in the region. The local authorities have coöperated with the Fosdick Commission and cleaned the place up as I never saw a place cleaned up before. I don't mean there's absolutely nothing going on, of course. Soldiers sometimes find what they are looking for, but it is clandestine and occasional. There is no commercialized vice." Further inquiry about town, interrogations of hack-drivers and likely loafers, and a more careful questioning of the military police confirmed the correspondent's statement.

I doubt whether any city near a large mili-

tary establishment was ever as clean as Augusta. I found similar conditions in Spartanburg, South Carolina, but that is a much smaller place, and therefore more easily handled. I am now convinced that something more than the climate determined the choice of those Southern States as the sites for the majority of our camps and cantonments. Where liquor is absolutely banished from a region, the moral problems of the military commanders are reduced almost to the minimum. And I write the following deliberately about Camp Hancock: That I would rather intrust the moral character of my boy to that camp than to any college or university I know. This does not cast any unusually dark shadow upon the educational institutions of the country, but they have never possessed the absolute power to control their environment that is now held by the War Department. And it does not mean that Camp Hancock is conspicuously better than the other Southern camps. It simply means that I had unusual facilities for discovering everything I wanted to know in and about Camp Hancock, through personal connections all the way down from the divisional headquarters to the enlisted men in the company street.

Soldiers are supposed to be inveterate and irredeemable grumblers. But if you want to see a group of men without grouchiness go to Camp Hancock. Quite naturally, the men of the National Guard camps are more cheerful than drafted men ; they enlisted from inclination or patriotism, after counting the cost. But the cheerfulness is not all native ; it is largely the consequence of satisfactory conditions. A sandy soil gives clean, dry streets and roads ; even the enlisted men have electric light in their tents ; the Post Exchange sells them all the little luxuries of life at a reasonable price ; the food is good and plentiful, as I found by messing with the privates ; play is liberally interspersed with work ; the officers show a spirit of comradery ; health is far above normal ; and the great adventure looms up as a real experience of the soul.

The last item above I use after careful reflection. When the majority of the National Guard enlisted, they knew the issues. But no chances are taken. In one of the vast Chautauqua tents of the Young Men's Christian Association I sat on the back row and listened to a lecture by Frank Dixon, of New York, on "The Causes of the War." Three thousand men in khaki also listened and ap-

plauded. The speaker told about little Belgium, the men of Louvain and Antwerp, and how they fought and died for the sanctity of international law ; he pictured the raped women and the orphaned children and the desolated homes ; he described the ruined churches and demolished universities and razed libraries ; he stated the law of vicarious suffering—how those splendid heroes had borne all and given all to save us from the barbarities of a false principle of self-expression known as *Kultur* ; he sketched how England had obeyed the rule of honor when self-interest told her to stand aside ; he lamented our early dimness of vision concerning the issues involved, and our slow enlightenment and ultimate awakening ; and he finished by proving that everything worth living for, worth fighting for, worth dying for, was at stake. In conclusion he told the men that their courage, their devotion, their discipline, their toll of casualties, were necessary, in the last ditch, to save civilization and Christianity from falling forever under the blighting curse of a triumphantly brutal paganism. When the men left the tent, their shoulders were squarer and their jaws firmer and their eyes brighter—they were crusaders, and the pride of their consecration was clear.

Imagine two square miles of teeming manhood, firmly organized, and yet bearing every evidence of care-free liberty. Nothing in the camp is left to chance, and yet nowhere and at no time do you feel the taint of militarism. Here is a platoon—as large as a pre-war company—just finishing an extended-order drill. It has been hard, grinding work under a peremptory-voiced platoon commander. Suddenly the men come to attention in close formation. An athletic director appears, takes charge from a platform, and gives them fifteen minutes of calisthenics. Then—and you can hardly believe your eyes—the platoon begins to play leapfrog. This goes on for a few moments, and a couple of medicine balls appear and for ten minutes more these are hurled from man to man with lightning rapidity. Immediately following there is a game very much like drop-the-handkerchief, in which the participants chase about to find the vacant place. The air is full of laughter, the soldiers are romping children, the drill monotony is forgotten, and when it is over the men rush to their shower-baths and then sit down to mess with the appetites of tigers. Play is organized in all the military establishments. More than thirty games have been invented, suit-

able for company, platoon, or squad participation.

In Camp Hancock, Walter Camp, Jr., of Yale, is the divisional director, and his quarters are with the commanding general's staff. I talked with him about his work. He has organized the division with brigade, battalion, regimental, and company directors. Mr. Camp's enthusiasm is sublime. "These recreational interludes," he said, "are getting the men into a volitional condition in which they will respond quickly to almost any moral ideal. We are working in closest harmony with the officers, on the one hand, and the Y. M. C. A. physical directors, on the other. We are humanizing soldiering. One regimental commander said to me yesterday, after a series of company games: 'That's the greatest thing I ever saw in the army. No man can have a grouch after going through those games.' We are laying great stress also upon competitive athletics—baseball, football, basket-ball, and boxing, by companies, regiments, and brigades."

I happened to be having luncheon with Commanding General Price and his staff when the divisional adjutant gave out a notice: "The General expects every member of his staff to report at 5 P. M. for calisthenics."

Such a sight was something not to be missed, and I reported also. About thirty men lined up under command of Walter Camp. Now men who are as near the top of the service as the divisional staff are not youngsters, and many of them are by no means slim. For nearly half an hour they were put through their paces—arm and leg and neck exercises, abdominal and back exercises, lung and liver exercises; they puffed and panted and grunted and groaned, but they went on to the end, even the baldest and the fattest of them. Then they chose sides and played the most riotous game of baseball I have ever seen; and, as I had been chosen umpire, there was nothing that escaped me. Military titles were dropped entirely, one of the higher kind even calling a ranking officer a “lobster”; they united vociferously in a demand to kill the umpire, and far be it from me to tell either the score or the number of errors! They were just boys again, with every bit of their healthy human nature unleashed. Those are the men who are making our new armies, who will lead them onto the battle-fields of Europe, who will watch and ward them day and night until they return the men to their communities and families. It is all so American, so human—so utterly different from the

horrible Frankenstein monster which the pacifists describe as "the devilish, dehumanizing military machine which crushes individuality and kills all natural instincts."

One evening I was sitting under the fly of Brigadier-General Stillwell's tent talking about the old and the new days of the army. I had told him of all the plans unfolded to me in the War Department by Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick for training-camp activities. The General is a man of few words but of much thought, an officer always loved by the men who have served with and under him. Suddenly he turned, and, using the title that I bore for ten years on his staff, said: "Captain, Uncle Sam seems to be making a National University as well as a National Army." That is almost literally true. There are academic subjects taught in the class-rooms of our universities which will not be provided for the soldiers, but if education means "to educe"—to draw out qualities of the mind, heart, and body by legitimate exercise—then the hundreds of thousands of men in our National armies will receive an education such as not one in a hundred would have obtained in civil life.

Apparently the Commission on Training Camp Activities has thought of everything

and planned for everything. Some of the features are not yet in effect, but enough is in operation to prove that every man in camp and cantonment will be reached ultimately by many influences which make for the type of manhood a democracy demands. There are lectures, plays, movies, and entertainments every single night in Camp Hancock. Over a thousand men are studying French under teachers who are instructed by a professor of modern languages from the Pennsylvania State University. Classes in higher mathematics are being held for the engineers.

At present the Young Men's Christian Association is doing a number of things which will be taken over by special units of the Fosdick Commission at a later date. Four thousand books per week are being circulated from the five Young Men's Christian Association centres. Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "The Mikado," given by a full professional cast, made a week's stand in the camp, and "The Old Homestead" was billed for the immediate future. A thrift campaign resulted in \$35,000 being sent home in one week by the men through the Young Men's Christian Association, which sells express company checks in each of its buildings. Singing by companies is being taught by Professor

Tebbs, the leader of music in the public schools of Dayton, Ohio.

Trench and Camp is the name of an eight-page weekly magazine published by the Young Men's Christian Association and distributed gratis. It contains a record of all the athletic events, the educational activities, and the amusement features of the camp, together with inspirational articles and news items of national and international significance. If a man goes to the dogs intellectually or to the devil morally in Camp Hancock, he will have to do so deliberately by breaking violently out of the environment which has been planned and developed for his well-being.

Religious work must be left for future discussion. As I have confined my attention in this chapter almost exclusively to Camp Hancock, it will be sufficient to say that the chaplains and the Young Men's Christian Association are working together in the closest harmony. Pending the completion of the Knights of Columbus building, the facilities of the Young Men's Christian Association were placed freely at the disposal of the Catholic workers. Bible classes have been started in many companies, and a regular Sunday-school, studying the International Lessons, is

held Sunday afternoon in the Young Men's Christian Association buildings or tents. That religion is neither repressed nor crowded out is shown by the fact that a chaplain in General Logan's brigade baptized seven men from his canteen one morning as they made public confession of faith in Christ.

IV

The Men Behind the Men Who
Fight the Huns

IV

THE MEN BEHIND THE MEN WHO FIGHT THE HUNS

IT was in 1906 that the real internationalism of the Young Men's Christian Association dawned upon me. Before that time my experience with the Young Men's Christian Association had not been inspiring; the representatives I had known were of the cuddle-close order, strong on tear-drawing prayers and suffused with a melodramatic emotionalism. I admit that I had been unfortunate in the samples I had met. I was fishing for salmon-trout in Lake Chuzenji, in the mountains not far from Nikko, when a belated copy of the *Japan Gazette*, published in Tokyo, fell under my eye. It contained the following letter from the Minister of War:

The Young Men's Christian Association, moved by the desire to minister to the welfare and comfort of our officers and soldiers at the front, carried on its beneficent work throughout the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905. Beginning at Chinampho early in September, 1904, it kept pace with the northward progress of the field forces for nearly twenty long

months, until March, 1906, establishing its work at eleven posts in Manchuria and Korea. At large expense of money and labor, and by a great variety of means, it filled the leisure of our officers and soldiers, far from home, with wholesome recreation. The completeness of the equipment and the success of the enterprise were universally tested and recognized by our troops in the field. I am fully assured that the recipients of all this generous service are filled with deep and inexpressible gratitude.

Now, simultaneously with the triumphant return of our armies, as I learn of the successful termination of your enterprise, I take this opportunity to express my heartfelt thanks for your noble services, and at the same time to voice my appreciation of the generosity of all those who have either by gifts or by personal effort supported the work.

(Signed) M. TERAUCHI,
Minister of War.

Tokyo, 26th May, 39th Meiji (1906).

To YOICHI HONDA, ESQ.,

President, the Japanese Young Men's Christian Association Union.

Later I talked it over with Messrs. Fisher, Gleason, and Hibbard at the Tokyo Young Men's Christian Association, and they gave me the following account of the work done for the Japanese soldiers. Here is the list :

1,547,483 sheets of paper used.	26,168 books loaned.
757,159 envelopes.	18,500 used laundry at Feng-
1,053,381 postcards.	wangcheng.
101,229 portions of Bible distributed.	764 visits to hospitals.
	613 religious meetings held.

312,033 religious tracts.	1,752 gramophone concerts,
3,385 Testaments.	lantern lectures, and other
877,485 men received letter	entertainments.
supplies.	1,566,379 men entered the dif-
87,940 men received supplies	ferent branches.
like buttons, thread, soap, etc.	At least three-fourths of the
152,213 men used barber's out-	entire army was reached by
fit.	the Association.

That may be considered the novitiate of the Young Men's Christian Association in war work. Before Port Arthur, at Vladivostok and on the bloody battle-fields of Manchuria, the Association gathered the experience which forms a broad and well-tested foundation for the phenomenal work now being accomplished in our training camps at home and for our expeditionary force behind the fighting line in France.

Over against the total of supplies for the entire Russo-Japanese War put the list of a single shipment—only one of many—for our army in France :

240 cases athletic supplies.	Car-load condensed milk.
4,000,000 noteheads and en-	125 talking-machines with
velopes.	6,000 records.
1,000 gross pens and pen-	55 tons of sugar.
holders.	5 tons biscuits.
27 motor cars and trucks, in-	75 tons of flour.
cluding Fords, Buicks, Pack-	20 tons soap.
ards, Pierce-Arrows.	2 tons of tea.
500 cots, mattresses, and pil-	5 tons of coffee.
lows.	5 tons of cocoa.
30,000 folding-chairs.	4,000 rolls rubber roofing.

75 motion-picture machines.	For soda fountains—2 tons
50 Delco lighting plants.	lemonade powder, 200 gal-
50 stereopticons and thousands	lons syrups.
of slides.	300 stoves for heating huts and
Over 100 assembly tents.	dugouts.
Car-load of jams, jellies, and	2,000 all-wool blankets.
marmalades.	114,000 Bible-reading calen-
Car-load of "hot dogs" in	dars.
pound cans.	10,000 song books.
Several car-loads California	30,000 copies Scripture por-
fruit—pears, apricots, peach-	tions of Psalms, Proverbs,
es, cherries, etc.	and Gospel of John.
60 tons sweet chocolate in five-	
cent bars.	

But to turn to our army camps at home, what kind of men are working here? In asking for volunteers this is how the Young Men's Christian Association officially describes the type of men needed:

"This is no call to ninnies and milksops. The Young Men's Christian Association needs real men, preferably men who have had some broad and grueling experience of life; men of education, yes; but, above that, men capable of understanding, sympathy, and an infinite deal of hard, exacting work. Men who can turn a Ford inside out; men who can play the piano and lead five hundred others in singing; men who are trained in athletics; men six feet high and three feet wide and eighteen inches thick; men who understand what Christianity really means; men with humor and leadership who have been earning a hundred dollars a week and

are willing to live on ten dollars a week. In other words, MEN."

And in the camps, cantonments, and other training stations the Association has twenty-two hundred such men at work. Among them are some who have given up large incomes, others who have resigned university professorships, several college coaches, a number of professional musicians, a sprinkling of ministers of known ability in the handling of men, and the balance made up of the most successful secretaries from the city Associations throughout the country. I have seen many of them in action—healthy, whole-hearted, patient, and generous men who sprang to their task each morning before daybreak with a "Hurrah," and went to their cots at night, dog-tired, but with a song or a joke on their lips. Beside the regular secretaries I found many volunteers. For instance, at Camp Dix there were sixty-four Young Men's Christian Association men at work in the Young Men's Christian Association buildings, but only three were on full salary, while twenty were entirely on their own charges.

There are more than four hundred Young Men's Christian Association buildings in the camps, costing between \$7,500 and \$9,000

apiece to erect. The buildings alone have eaten up about \$3,500,000 of the \$5,000,000 raised last spring. I have seen more than forty of those buildings, at various hours of the day and in the evenings. They are always thronged with men—writing home, reading, toasting their feet before the open fire, playing games, watching the free movies or other entertainments, singing lustily in a religious service, or listening eagerly to a patriotic speech or to a sex-hygiene address by a medical authority. And here I give some of the things I found the Young Men's Christian Association secretaries doing for the soldiers: writing letters for "illiterates" to their friends, straightening out business difficulties at home for the men who left suddenly, having quiet chats with individuals about sex matters, giving out Red Cross supplies where the Red Cross agent had not yet arrived, supplying the place of chaplain in regiments which had no chaplain or when he was away, directing the reading or studies of individuals or little groups of men who were working for transfer to another branch of the service, acting as dramatic director and scene-shifter, praying with men who had received news of family bereavement, arranging preliminaries for Mass to be celebrated

by a visiting priest in the Young Men's Christian Association hut, refereeing a five-round bout with the mits, attending to banking facilities in near-by communities for those who needed them, reporting to anxious relatives about their boys in the camp who did not write regularly, teaching a man how to shave, sending money to a wife to visit her husband almost demented by homesickness—these, and a hundred other things, over and above all the routine work of the hut.

“You see that man?” a secretary said, pointing to a round-faced, fair-haired man sitting in a Y building. “I had a pathetic but happy experience with him. He is a German. He came to my room a few days after reaching camp, as woebegone a creature as I ever saw. He left Germany to escape military service, because he hates war with an instinctive and reasoned hatred. Then he was drafted. He came to camp in a pouring rain, and soon developed an atrocious toothache. For two nights he did not sleep. At last he went to the dentist. There was a very bad ulcer at the root of one of his lower teeth. It was lanced, and the poor fellow wandered in here almost out of his mind with physical and mental pain. He told me his story, ending with a threat of

suicide. Among other things, I learned he was a skilled automobile mechanic. That day, at headquarters' mess, I repeated the story, and before nightfall we had the man transferred to the Motor Transport Service. Now he is contented and positively happy in his new work. He spends every hour of his spare time in this building."

A good story is told at the expense and to the credit of the Young Men's Christian Association secretaries in one of the South Carolina cantonments. Among the drafted men was a man who seemed not to have known enough to claim exemption under the dependency clause. Not long after reaching camp he received a letter from his wife telling him that the children were sick, there was no food in the house, and the landlord threatened to turn them out unless the rent was paid. The news drove him to the verge of melancholia. Finally he wrote a letter addressed to "Almighty God, Y. M. C. A." In it he told the news he had received from home, how it made him feel bad and was keeping him from being a good soldier, and ended by asking for fifty dollars to send home. When the Young Men's Christian Association secretaries read the letter and had made some investigations, they made up

a purse by personal contributions, amounting to thirty dollars. They sent the amount, three ten dollar bills, in a sealed envelope to the man. He counted the money carefully—one, two, three—thirty dollars. But he had asked for fifty! Nevertheless he sat down to acknowledge the providence. He told God that he had received thirty dollars, that he would send it to his wife immediately, that it would do much to help the folks at home, and that he could now do his soldier work better. Then he added: "But, O God, if you send me any more money, don't send it through the Y. M. C. A. men—those dirty skunks took twenty dollars out of the last lot for themselves."

The Young Men's Christian Association is not working exclusively in its huts or tents. It seems to be a settled principle that the safest and most permanent way to reach the men is to organize each company on a kind of self-sufficiency basis. So, instead of trying to centre the Bible teaching in the Y building, the secretaries are starting a Bible-study class or group in each separate company. They are doing the same thing along educational and entertainment lines—developing the talent within the military unit. The value of this is obvious: wherever that

company goes—to another camp, on detail duty, or to France—it will have tested and developed resources within itself, able to carry on religious work, continue its educational classes, and provide its own entertainments. Such a method also aids the *esprit de corps* of a company and by interchange of talent conduces to a high morale in the regiment.

Mr. Richard Hooker, of the Springfield *Republican*, after a very thorough and searching survey of the Young Men's Christian Association activities at Camp Devens, Ayer, Massachusetts, said, "If, as Wellington averred, the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, then it may be safely said that this war will be won in the Young Men's Christian Association buildings." Such a verdict is not surprising. I took with me to Camp Devens Mr. E. Harold Cluett, one of the keen and vigorous young business men of America, a member of the firm of Cluett, Peabody & Co., and educated at Williams College and Oxford. I wanted his opinion from the standpoint of a practical man who knew organization on a large scale. It is no exaggeration to say that he was staggered by the vastness and thoroughness of the work as we went from one

thronged building to another—fourteen in all—and then closed the evening with the last act of a vaudeville in the Y assembly hall, packed with more than three thousand men. His verdict was simple and direct: "This is the best example of organization I have ever seen. I would never have believed, if I had not seen it with my own eyes, that such tremendously uplifting results could have been obtained at such a moderate cost." Then he concluded, deliberately: "It is a miracle in manhood-making."

It was in Camp Devens that I met some of the most remarkable instances of the broad spirit of the Young Men's Christian Association. In one of the huts we found a group of New Hampshire boys reading eagerly from New Testaments which had just been presented to them by the Governor of the State, while in a room near by the Hebrew secretary was conducting a meeting for Jewish soldiers, and near the door of which a corporal was reading a Catholic magazine. One day the wife of one of the soldiers persuaded her husband that he should join the church, but she was anxious that it should be the Presbyterian Church. It happened that one of the Young Men's Christian Association secretaries was a Presbyterian minister, and

he was brought from the distant building to which he was attached. But, alas! he had no Session. Now, how could a man be received into the Presbyterian Church without "coming before the Session"? The minister, however, was not to be balked by a mere ecclesiastical canon of a few hundred years' standing. He found an officer of a Methodist Church, a Baptist deacon, a Congregational deacon, and an Episcopal vestryman, and these he improvised into a Session. The candidate was duly examined as to his faith and experience, and there and then enrolled as a member of the Presbyterian church of Dobb's Ferry, New York—two hundred and fifty miles away. One of the best workers of the Young Men's Christian Association staff in Camp Devens is a Unitarian minister, but not even the most rigid sectarian, with a long-range scent for heresy, could question his personal devotion or discount the value of the service he is rendering. These men adapt themselves to every conceivable vicissitude of the soldier's life. Part of the military training is in trenches—real trenches, replicas of those on the Aisne front and built under French instructors. Platoons will stay in those trenches for seventy-two hours at a stretch, eating and sleeping there, in the rain

and snow and frost. So the Young Men's Christian Association is doing what it does on the British front—excavating a Young Men's Christian Association dugout twenty-five feet underground, with a fireplace in it; and a secretary will always be there to minister to the boys when they are doing their bit in the trenches. When the Y follows the men right to the firing line, shares the dangers and hardships of the fighters, provides comfort and cheer at any cost, no wonder the rank and file come to regard it with reverence and affection. The letter Y is carved deep in the hearts of millions of men the world over.

Finally, it may be said about the Young Men's Christian Association that it is coöperating in a splendid way with every other agency that is at work for the betterment of the personnel of the army. The chaplains of every shade of faith or form of polity are given the free use of its buildings. Indeed, it may be said that the Young Men's Christian Association is the clearing-house of the camp, the rendezvous of all the diverse elements of the army, the living, sympathetic link between the rigid military régime and the dear, old free life of civilian days. If the Young Men's Christian Association were ever

enswathed in sectarianism and confined in dogma, the organization has certainly had a glorious resurrection. It stands to-day a live man's organization for living men—virile, versatile, flexible, resolute. Whatever is worth while doing for men—physical, mental, social, moral, or spiritual—the Young Men's Christian Association is ready to do it, overcoming apparently insurmountable obstacles, smashing its determined way through hoary customs and stupid prejudices without hesitation, and seizing every opening for human and humanizing service with the celerity and confidence of the highest opportunism. I have seen these things done and have marvelled. The War Department, the commanding officers, and the enlisted men have found this out, and whenever there is a gap to be filled, a chasm to be bridged, or a morass to be crossed the man who faces the difficulty turns instinctively to the Young Men's Christian Association for assistance.

The Knights of Columbus are working in the camps and cantonments, not as a secret society, but on precisely the same basis as the Young Men's Christian Association. Every one I met connected with the Knights of Columbus frankly acknowledged his indebtedness to the Young Men's Christian

Association and wished to copy every helpful feature of the more experienced society. Mr. Cusick, of Camp Gordon, allowed me to see the instructions sent to each Knights of Columbus secretary. They are broad, generous, and strictly humanitarian. Here are some sample sentences: "Arrange for an address by some prominent non-Catholic man in the community." "Extend an invitation to *every* man in camp to make use of our buildings at all times, and make it plain that they may call on the secretary for any assistance they may wish." "Innocent games are to be encouraged and permitted, but gambling of all kinds must be rigidly excluded from our buildings." "Coöperate in a friendly way with the Young Men's Christian Association, make it a point to treat the inquiries of non-Catholics with the greatest respect." "Put a sign reading, 'Write often to Mother' above the writing-tables." "If there is ever a time that a man needs his religion, it is during the uncertain time of war, and the men may be inclined to forget this unless they are told now and again." "Your building is not to be a church except at such times as religious services are being conducted there, but it is a place in charge of Catholic gentlemen and for the benefit of all

men who will conduct themselves as gentlemen. Any violations of the principles of decency are not only to be frowned upon, but absolutely forbidden."

With the exception that Mass is held in the Knights of Columbus buildings, I could see no essential difference between them and the Young Men's Christian Association huts. Each has ample writing facilities, libraries, magazines, phonographs, moving-picture apparatus, and games, and alike they give the same cordial welcome to and place their equipment freely at the disposal of all the men in camp without regard to race, creed, or caste. I talked over the possibilities of the work with the Rev. J. A. Horton, Principal of Marist College, Atlanta, Georgia, and a Knights of Columbus chaplain. He was extremely broad in his conception of the work to be done, and it never entered into his thought, even remotely, that the opportunity for human service would be warped by sectarian bias. Father Walsh, a Knights of Columbus chaplain at Camp Dix, was eager to tell me everything about his building and its work. He was gleeful over the way in which the men made use of its facilities, how they appreciated the pool table, the entertainments, and the lectures. He told with enthusiasm

of how he was coöperating with the military authorities in encouraging boxing because the exercise aided the bayonet drills. He said they entertained never less than twelve hundred men a day. They had Masses every morning and twice on Sunday, but made no effort to influence non-Catholics to attend the strictly religious services. Father Walsh was on the ground all through the period of camp construction, and as an appreciation of his faithfulness an automobile was presented to him by the civilian plumbers for use in his work.

The Hebrew Association has no buildings of its own, but uses the Young Men's Christian Association huts for any specific work it wishes to pursue. It has a paid secretary in every camp—a bright, well-educated, and earnest young man who takes particular care of the Jewish soldiers. The most important phase of the Hebrew Association work is the manner in which it affiliates its soldiers with the Hebrew families and synagogues in the communities adjacent to the camps. All of these men and institutions coöperate in the heartiest manner conceivable with the directors of physical training, recreation, and music within the camps appointed by the Fosdick Commission, with the playground representa-

tives and the civil authorities in the surrounding communities, with the regimental chaplains, and with the regular military authorities. As the result of visits to several camps and cantonments I got the impression that there was a veritable conspiracy of positively good forces, a kind of confederacy of sanely moral agencies, to present to the world, not only a victorious fighting machine, but to create an order of healthy, clean, intelligent, and full-orbed moral manhood such as this country would never have had if the degeneracy of Germany had not forced us into the war.

V

Making Democracy Safe for the
Soldier

V

MAKING DEMOCRACY SAFE FOR THE SOLDIER

THE War-Camp Community Service in Atlanta, described in this chapter, gives a good idea of what is being done in all the camp cities.

An unexpected rain-storm drove me into a corner fruit store for shelter. A man in khaki was shaking the water from his uniform very much as a dog shakes itself after a plunge. In less than a minute a package of cigarettes put us on a friendly footing.

"Yah," he said, "the people of Atlanta treat us white—gosh, but I was lonesome the first week in camp—first time I'd ever been away from home over night—never been in a town as big as this before—never thought that women could be as nice to men they didn't know—never heard so much music in all my life—nobody tries to stick us—don't give a damn for the soldiering part in camp, but the other things that go with it are O. K.—hope I don't go to France, hope the war will be over before we get ready, then I

figure I'll come and live in Atlanta—they're some fine people here, sure."

A man's environment is anything that engrosses his mind or engages his affections. The populated areas around our forty or fifty camps, cantonments, and training stations are the physical environment of more than a million of our picked young men; the men and the women with whom they come into contact within that area are the actual and vital environment. Ideas and ideals are the ultimate realities, the forces that make character and guide conduct. In handling the high-mettled men of a democracy it is not possible to corral them in a camp after the fashion of an autocracy and beat them into military shape. They would not surrender the privileges of democracy at home to fight for democracy abroad. The men of our new armies have the freedom of the towns and cities close to their camps, and the influence of those communities upon the men is by no means the least concern of the War Department. The Commission on Training Camp Activities, Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, Chairman, has asked the Playground and Recreation Association of America so to organize the social life of the communities that it will mean a healthy reaction upon the camps.

To discover what had been done and what could be done I went to Atlanta, Georgia. Camp Gordon is fourteen miles distant from the city, Fort McPherson four miles, and the Aviation School is upon the campus of the Georgia Institute of Technology, within the city limits. Atlanta is a proud city and contemplates itself with a marked degree of satisfaction. Has it not done several big things in a big way within recent years? When has Atlanta failed to see and to seize an opportunity? The questions are answered fluently and frankly in the literature of the Chamber of Commerce and in the confident speech and bearing of the citizens. But I was in a skeptical mood ; perhaps the proclamation of Mayor Asa G. Candler prejudiced me :

“ Atlanta sought and secured the establishment here of one of the army cantonments, into which will be entered for military training thousands of American young men coming from every section of the country and from every walk of life. With them it is reasonable to suppose that almost an equal number of people will come and temporarily be citizens of Atlanta. . . . When we asked for these army camps, we did it for two reasons :

“ First, that we might contribute as a community toward furnishing to the country men properly pre-

pared to represent us on the great battle-fields of Europe to which they are going to be sent.

“Second, that in doing so we might also benefit in every possible way Atlanta and her people.”

Undoubtedly in the majority of minds the second consideration was paramount. Other communities were moved by a similar motive. Wherever a camp was established the residents of the adjacent communities began to estimate their profits and to plan how it “might benefit in every possible way Atlanta and her people.” Then, behold! Everything inverted, the foreseen order topsyturvy, the grasping fist changed to the open hand of giving. What did it? Not a fiat from the War Department, for moral resolutions do not come by ukase. When tens of thousands of homesick boys, torn from their familiar setting, with eyes eager to serve their country in spite of heavy hearts, began to pour into the camp and overflow into the streets of the city, every decent American citizen subordinated personal profit to the instincts of brotherhood and began to ask, “What can we do for these fellows?” Atlanta set itself to answer that question with a combination of intelligence and enthusiasm almost beyond praise. Under the best leadership the city could furnish, Atlanta mobil-

ized and organized its resources for the benefit of the soldiers.

Everything is organized under a Commission consisting of twelve representative citizens, five of whom are ex-Presidents of the Chamber of Commerce and one the present acting President. The *ex officio* members are the Mayor, the Major-General commanding the Eighty-second Division at Camp Gordon, the colonel in charge of the field base hospital at Fort McPherson, the District Attorney, the United States Internal Revenue Collector, and the president of the Atlanta Chapter of the Red Cross. Presiding over the Commission is Mr. V. H. Kriegshaber, one of the most vigorous and successful of Atlanta's business men.

"What is your Commission doing?" I asked Mr. Kriegshaber, as we sat in his office.

His answer was in measured sentences, but suffused with enthusiasm :

"We are organizing and using all the helpful and recreational resources of our city for the welfare and benefit of the soldiers at Camp Gordon and Fort McPherson ; we are creating normal relations between the soldiers and the community by establishing social intercourse and surrounding them with a safe environment ; we are trying to help

Uncle Sam make the soldiers into the most efficient military unit the world has ever seen."

"How are you doing it?"

"If you will come with me to the meeting of the Executive Committee, you will see and hear."

The members of the Committee, which meets every Thursday at 11 A. M., discussed policies and problems in the light of the past week's experience, created new sub-committees for special purposes or filled vacancies in existing ones, considered ways and means of putting into effect suggestions from the National Committee on Training Camp Activities, and then formally adopted the following monthly budget after its approval by the Safety Committee :

Expenses of Atlanta Commission, including secretary, stenographer, other office help, stationery, rent, postage, etc.	\$450
Travelling and transportation expenses of employees to camp, etc.	200
Expenses of free Sunday movies, with organ and other concerts at Auditorium, coöperating with Atlanta Festival Association	500
Expenses in connection with colored soldiers' recreation and rest rooms	500
Balance needed by Y. M. C. A.	500
Travellers' Aid Society	200
National League of Women's Service	250
Anti-Tuberculosis Association	650
Total per month	<u>\$3,250</u>

This amount is subscribed by Atlanta citizens for the duration of the war.

At twelve o'clock we adjourned to another room for luncheon and for a round table conference with the committee chairmen of the city and representatives of the various branches of non-military activities within the camp. Each in turn made a report, men from the camp telling what was needed during the coming week and the city workers stating what material was available for those needs. In many ways it was the most remarkable meeting I ever attended, marked by a unique spirit of coöperation. Mrs. B. M. Boykin reported for the Federated Women's Clubs of Atlanta—several in number—sketching briefly the salient features of their work. For example: the women of the city were going out to Camp Gordon in the afternoons to mend the men's clothing and to teach them how to do their own sewing; the Daughters of the American Revolution had organized to teach the colored women to knit for their own soldiers; the School of Oratory had organized a glee and mandolin club; Mrs. E. S. Jackson promised a huge Christmas pageant to be given both in the city and the camp, etc.

The Transportation Committee reported

the number of automobiles lent by citizens to take convalescent soldiers for a ride in the afternoons and to carry volunteer entertainers back and forth to the camps. The Entertainment Committee told of so many concerts, shows, readings, impersonations, etc., that I could not tabulate them ; a representative of the local Drama League said that the needs of the camp had revived his society, and they had a repertoire of plays which would last all winter ; the secretary of the Hebrew Association in the camp described how the people of Jewish faith in Atlanta had brought about a hundred Hebrew soldiers in to a dance where they met young ladies of their own race, and how it had been arranged that Hebrew soldiers should have furlough on their sacred days and come into the city to live with Jewish families and celebrate their religious rites. He spoke generously of the splendid manner in which the Young Men's Christian Association placed all the facilities of its buildings at his disposal. At that point the secretary of the Knights of Columbus sprang to his feet and added his testimony to the fine spirit of the Young Men's Christian Association, for, pending the completion of his building, he had the free use of all or any of the Young Men's Christian Association

buildings for his Knights of Columbus activities among the Catholic soldiers.

Although I was only a guest, I was so moved by this evidence of religious comity that I asked permission to tell an incident which came to my notice in an English paper. At the battle of Messines Ridge a Catholic soldier lay dying, blown almost to pieces by a bomb. No Catholic chaplain happened to be near, and no Protestant chaplain was available ; but a Hebrew rabbi, acting as chaplain to the Jewish troops, bent over the dying Catholic and held the crucifix to his lips while he breathed his last. For a moment the story was received with reverent silence, and then every one in the room broke into applause. Some of the by-products of this war may be worth all the sacrifices of men, money, and strength we are making so freely.

Another illustration of the above remark may be found in what the next speaker—the camp educational director—said. Among drafted men in Camp Gordon were large numbers of sturdy Southern mountaineers, English-speaking but illiterate. In some companies the number ran as high as fifteen per cent. These were being taught to read and write, and rapid progress was reported.

But a few of these men were found who did not know why we were at war or the nation against which we were fighting. Neither did they seem to care ; Uncle Sam wanted them to fight, and they didn't mind much who it was—English, French, Germans, or Russians. Uncle Sam wanted them, and that was enough. A few months of camp life will send those men back to their mountain homes with a vision of possibilities which will change the character of all succeeding generations. Besides the English work the director mentioned that seventy-five volunteer teachers were going out from the city regularly to conduct classes in French.

The Camp Director of Singing thanked the Committee for the book of songs which had been distributed gratuitously to each soldier, the cost of publishing the book having been met by paid advertisements. Although the librarian had nothing to tell of the American Library Association, he acknowledged the receipt of ample quantities of good books and recent magazines. The Library Association has met the immediate demand for reading by an arrangement with the Atlanta laundries. The following notice sent to every home in the city tells its own story :

TO THE ATLANTA PUBLIC

The Laundrymen's Association have very kindly tendered the free use of their delivery wagons to collect any magazines and books that you may care to give to the Carnegie Library for use of our Soldier Boys at Camp Gordon and Fort McPherson. Every home has some books or magazines that can be spared for this patriotic purpose. Please "do your bit" and hand these to your laundryman. The Carnegie Library will see that they are properly delivered to the Soldiers.

ATLANTA COMMISSION ON TRAINING CAMP
ACTIVITIES.

Atlanta has an auditorium which will seat sixty-five hundred, and which contains one of the best organs in the world. Every Sunday a "continuous performance" is given for the soldiers from 2:30 till 10 P. M. It is absolutely free, and consists of organ recitals, movies, popular singing, and entertaining features of various kinds—but all refined and elevating.

The Young Men's Christian Association secretary reported the multiform work being carried on, not only in the buildings, but in the companies, and testified to the splendid encouragement given by all the officers, from the general in command to the most recent reserve subaltern. He also commended the churches heartily for their coöperation in all

good work for the soldiers. Mr. Kriegshaber assured us that the local city authorities and police were working with the Federal authorities and the representatives of Mr. Fosdick's Committee for the control, and, finally, for the suppression of vice in and around the city. As such measures have to be taken with discretion and secrecy, he could not go into the subject exhaustively. But he told how the Travellers' Aid Society, through its representatives at the railway stations and on the streets, and the Young Women's Christian Association, by means of hostess houses and the formation of clubs and guilds among the girls and young women of the city, were making a marked contribution toward the solution of the problem by positive and educational methods.

The men in uniform, as I saw them on the streets and in public places, were orderly and of exceptionally good behavior. I walked about the city for more than two hours after nightfall, and, although khaki was in evidence everywhere, I never saw or heard a semblance of rowdyism. I believe the soldier will almost invariably meet the community in the spirit in which the community meets him. I was assured by the ladies present that not a single instance had been reported of a rude act or

word by a soldier toward the ladies and girls who have been interesting themselves in the camp.

The story of Atlanta's relationship to the new army, how the city is meeting its obligation, more intent upon serving than upon the gains of commerce, is merely etched. I do not know whether any community near a camp or cantonment is doing more or better work than Atlanta, but what I saw made me proud of the men and women who are exemplifying democracy at its best.

Augusta, near Camp Hancock, and Spartanburg, near Camp Wadsworth, are perhaps doing all that the facilities of smaller communities can offer. Baltimore and Washington, near Camp Meade, and Philadelphia, which is easily accessible from Camp Dix, have more serious problems, caused partly by the largeness of the cities and partly by the difficulties of handling the liquor situation. Perhaps the efforts being made by the representatives of the Playground and Recreation Association in smaller places near Camp Dix—New Egypt, Bordentown, Mount Holly, and Wrightstown—will soon overcome the temptations of Trenton and Philadelphia by providing sufficient entertainment for the men on the very confines of the

cantonment. At any rate, the positive influence of the Playground and Recreation Association will make a wholesome environment near at hand if the men will avail themselves of it ; and this, linked to the vigorous activities of the Training Camp Commission within the cantonment, will lift thousands of men much higher in the scale of a healthy mental, moral, and physical manhood. The opportunities of such work are so great and its satisfactions so splendid that the various organizations of a social or humanitarian or religious kind are amply justified in withdrawing their best and wisest workers from the normal communities and concentrating them in and around the training camps.

While the men fight to make the world safe for democracy, we must fight to make democracy safe for the men.

VI

Will America Fail?

VI

WILL AMERICA FAIL?

WRITING from one of the cantonments, a soldier said: "I wish the people at home could get their minds on this war business as we have ours fixed on it here." Evidently there is too much complaint reaching the camps; the folks back home are dwelling unduly upon the little deprivations and dislocations caused by the absence of their loved ones; perhaps, with a false psychology, they are exaggerating the hardships caused by high prices and limited commodities to let the soldiers know that they too are sacrificing. Democracy is a highly sensitive organism, and what is felt in one part is quickly experienced through the whole body. The drill master can make a man into an automaton of autocracy but something more is needed to make a champion of democracy. Our soldiers now in training will be just what the people of America expect them to be, will them to be. They feed their individual souls on the aspir-

ations and inspirations and determinations of the national soul. That larger life, upon which their separate lives depend for existence, comes to them in letters through the mail, in daily papers and weekly or monthly magazines. And, being something spiritual, it also finds its way into the camps along channels no one can trace. They respond to it and embody it, yet all the while not knowing what is molding them. The mind of the nation reaches the men through the military command, the War Department, the munition factories; the soul of the nation reaches the men through continued contact with the old civil life. Efficiency in the army reflects the mental vigor of America but the morale of the army will reflect the spiritual quality of America.

The *front line* of battle in this struggle is somewhere in France, Flanders and Italy; the *field* of war stretches back into every home, workshop, lodge room, club house and church in America. Liberty Loans are important because they furnish the government with money; Young Men's Christian Association and Knights of Columbus and Community Recreation campaigns are necessary because they guarantee a normal environment for the troops during an abnormal

experience ; Red Cross drives are indispensable because they bring the Angel of Mercy into the hell of conflict ; but these laudable enterprises have a value even beyond those described—they proclaim to a million and a half men in uniform that they have the confidence and backing and affection of the people who remain at home. When they know that the busy and influential men and women in the old home village or city are giving freely of their time and strength and wealth on their behalf, and that the obscure and the poor also are contributing proportionately to the same cause, there comes an accession of pride and courage to the men in the training camps and trenches and out upon the high seas. Not enough of our civilian population realize the significance of this.

There is a sense in which this war has not yet gripped the generality of people. In almost every community there is a shamefully large proportion of men and women whose thoughts and habits have remained unchanged ; the world cataclysm has made no difference to their self-absorbing method of living. And they seem to intend that it shall make no difference. This has been partly due to the failure of the press and the pulpit to understand that vicariousness can be upon

an international scale. During the past three years our provincial minds have thought of the Belgians as fighting for Belgium, the French for France, the British for Britain and the Italians for Italy. Slowly, very slowly, it is breaking in upon our reluctant minds that every man who has been blinded or broken or killed in Europe has suffered for us. If every American would ask his conscience: "When the war has made such a tragic difference to Belgium, France, Britain, Serbia, Roumania and Italy, while they were standing between barbarity and the sanctity of my home and the security of my nation, is it not time that it began to make some difference to me?" then we should see the entire nation spring into sacrificial activity.

Our citizens ought to endeavor to visualize the difference the war has made to the hundreds of thousands of men now wearing the American uniform. They have sacrificed their financial prospects, many of them beyond recovery; thousands have left college in the midst of their studies, never to return; nearly all have foregone the comforts of homes as dear to them as to the rest of us; they must all spend months of drastic training in camps or on ships; before them—how many we dare not compute—there are

ghastly wounds and painful deaths upon a foreign battle-field, or devilish tortures in barbaric prisons; to all of them there will be cold, hunger, thirst, weariness and the surrounding horrors of war. If service means all that and even more to our men-in-arms, what right have we, in the peace and security of our homes, to refuse to conform our lives to the new conditions?

Neither can any civilian say he has done his share while anything more remains that he may do. If the men and women of capital give one-half of their accumulations in order to save the other half, they may consider that they have gotten off very cheaply; if the business man allots a third of his time to war work in his community he is well off compared with his neighbor whom the draft took; if it be necessary to go to bed dead tired every night, before any one grumbles he should picture the man in the trenches with no bed at all but the muddy floor of a dugout and no covering but his wet, cold clothing; if a woman has to abandon social functions to make surgical dressings she ought to remember that the fairest and noblest women of other lands have been slaving in the hospitals at the front for many weary months without respite or reward; if

the laboring man is called upon to exceed the usual hours of work he may thank his stars that he still has a chance to work as a free man for freedom; if the industrial economist is inclined to carp at narrowed profits he should consider that production for the whole must overrule profits for the few, because if we lose the war we shall have to pay indemnities for all the nations into the coffers of Germany—which will eat up all our profits for many generations to come; if we are prone to chafe because of a sugarless, or meatless, or wheatless menu we bow our heads in reverence at the thought of the father and mother who will sorrow for the son who rests in an unmarked grave across the sea. No one understands the spiritual and universal significance of this war who talks of having done "his share."

No war in which our nation has ever been engaged is like this war. The Revolution was a conflict for rights, but they were our rights. The Civil War was a struggle to preserve this nation as a nation, and it concerned ourselves almost exclusively. But we are fighting now for the future of humanity, for those universal sanctities which mark us as higher than the beasts, for the spiritual prerequisites of progress and peace—honor,

truth, righteousness and justice. To say that we battle for democracy is an understatement, to say that we fight for civilization falls below the issue ; we are at war for all the slowly and painfully accumulated fundamental virtues and graces which we call Christianity.

If we fail now, and the world comes under the domination of that Germany which violated every treaty and plighted honor, which dragged the villainous Turk down to its own viler level, which raped and poisoned and mutilated women and children and called its preachers and professors to justify the ghastly outrages, which made all the perfidies and passions and butcheries of the Moguls seem almost like the incidents of mere misguided virtue :—if that Germany wins the war then mankind, which had climbed so nearly to the sublime stature of Christ, will fall back to the unspeakable wallowings of Calaban.

These considerations concern us all and at all times. They should glow in the letters written to the men in camp, they should regulate the program of every day's activities, they should write the figures in the check book when demand is made upon our patriotism, they should determine the mood in which the appeals of various war-work

activities are received. The churches back in the home towns and villages ought to treat their men in the camps as exemplars of the sacrificial spirit of the Master-Lord and send messages, letters and tokens of comradeship to them ; public officials should be enthusiastic and eager to minimize the temptations wherever men in uniform are found ; every agency for the physical, social, moral or spiritual benefit of the soldiers should have proud and joyful volunteers in superabundance to provide whatever is required ; each community, large or small, should immediately organize its resources upon a scientific basis for the period of the war in order instantly to meet emergency calls, and not depend upon a haphazard, ill-arranged campaign in which many of the most valuable human and financial factors are missed ; every man or woman, whether lay or clerical, who sees the spiritual issues of the struggle and has the gift of clear interpretation, should be used in school and church and on the public platform to create the high temper needed by the nation in such a crisis ; all political party distinctions and sectarian differences should be minimized, while together and as one men gird themselves to guard and establish the everlasting essentials. The

battles will be lost or won by the soldiers and sailors now in training ; the war will be lost or won by the ordinary American men and women. The last reserve of democracy, civilization and Christianity is now on trial.

Will America fail? Not if we realize that this is the last and most holy of the Crusades ; not if we understand that as a nation we have one and only one business now—*to win the war* ; not if we feel that our hundreds of thousands of fighting men are carrying forward and completing the work begun on Calvary ; not if we plain citizens of to-day can foresee that all future generations in all lands will look back upon our sacrifices as the most glorious contribution to human welfare. Will America fail? Not unless America first becomes a vassal of Germany on a parity with Turkey, Bulgaria and the subsidized elements of the Russian Bolsheviks—a level to which our Pacifists and pro-Germans would gladly drag us. So long as the spirit of Washington and Lincoln beats clearly and strongly in our souls America cannot fail.

A Book that Radiates Faith, Hope, and Courage

FOURTH EDITION

The Cross at the Front

FRAGMENTS FROM THE TRENCHES

By

CHAPLAIN THOMAS TIPLADY, B.E.F.

12mo. Cloth. Net \$1.00

☞ Shows us the soldier at the front, as the author knows and loves him, "not scarlet—nor yet white—but just Khaki."

☞ "Sincere faith, unflagging courage, thorough manliness—an interesting book by a chaplain greatly loved."—*Providence Journal*.

☞ "One of the best of the war books. The author, a field chaplain, was in Flanders in the thick of the fight for many months. He pictures the real soldier at the front—his heroism, his sacrifice, his reverence for all sacred things as few writers have been able to picture him."—*The Pittsburgh Post*.

☞ "It is a first-hand account of heroism and self sacrifice. Here are stories which none can read dry-eyed, but, nevertheless, are contagious of hope and honor and courage. Of all the war literature issued in the last three years none follows the lines or parallels the purpose of THE CROSS AT THE FRONT."

—*The Nashville Banner*.

☞ "'Vivid' is too dim a word to express the living pictures which this chaplain has seen in France. Some of the chapters are among the finest pieces of pathos we have read anywhere. Read the book and you will be a better man for all your tasks."—*Chicago Standard*.

☞ "Marked by a vividness which shows it to have been written within range or sound of the guns, full of that humanness which will cause answering echo in the heart of every reader."—*Episcopal Recorder*.

South-Eastern Europe

The Main Problem of the Present World Struggle

By VLADISLAV R. SAVIC

Introduction by NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER,
of Columbia University

12mo, cloth, net \$1.50

"A book which makes appeal to every intelligent reader who wishes to have the knowledge necessary to form an independent opinion as to the conditions on which durable peace shall rest. M. Savic is a native Serb, who, through service as correspondent of the English press, has been brought in close touch with British public opinion."

—Pres. Nicholas Murray Butler.

ARMENIA: A Martyr Nation

By M. C. GABRIELIAN

12mo, cloth, net \$1.75

An exceptionally informative history of the Armenian nation from its earliest days to recent tragic days. Himself an Armenian, the author has brought together the salient features in his country's tragic story in able fashion throughout. The book is one of extraordinary interest.

In the Land of Ararat

*A Sketch of the Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrows Ussher
a Martyr of the Turkish Massacre at Van*

By JOHN OTIS BARROWS

Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, net \$1.00

"In these days of world conflict, the readers who have been in the hair-breadth escapes and wonderful experiences of Dr. Clarence D. Ussher, cannot but be interested in this story of the life of his wife, who crowned a career of remarkable usefulness by giving in sacrifice all that was naturally dearest to her, in her effort to save from suffering and death the families of those who had tried to kill herself and her children."

—*The Chronicle*.

Russia in Transformation

By ARTHUR J. BROWN, D.D.

12mo, cloth, net \$1.00

"We have more reason to be interested in Russia just now than in any other country except our own. Doctor Brown writes with discrimination and brings into its proper relation with the story those spiritual features which are so important and so little understood."—*The Advance*.

"A timely book full of just the questions that everybody is asking about Russia."—*Congregationalist*.

How Would Jesus Regard a "Slacker"?

What Did Jesus Really Teach About War

By EDWARD LEIGH PELL

12mo, cloth, net \$1.00

☞ "Capital," says Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. "I wish every religious man could read it."

"A book to stir the sluggish, to wake the sleepers, to right about everyone toward the righteousness of the present war in behalf of a larger liberalism, a truer freedom."

—*Washington Star.*

"Not merely frank, but vigorous and such as to lead one to see Christ's teaching in a clearer light."

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

TAPS: A Book ^{for} the Boys in Khaki

By J. GREGORY MANTLE, D.D.

12mo, cloth, net \$1.25

☞ A soldier's "book of information" and help not in the "Manual." A work of great interest and value in the fight for Christ and Freedom.

A book written expressly for Uncle Sam's boys. It deals with the salient evils and temptations which await the young soldier just joining the colors. The author's son is among the boys in the National army for whom this book sounds the alarm and points out the road to victory.

What the War is Teaching

By CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D.D.

12mo, cloth, net \$1.00

☞ "The words of Dr. Charles E. Jefferson ought to be nailed to the doorposts of every Christian memory."—*Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

"The nature of war, its effect upon man, its effect upon the moral law, the part religion has to play, is written with a passion and a wealth of information which holds the interest. A challenging note which men ought to hear."

—*Congregationalist.*

Over Five Million copies of a Pamphlet containing striking portions of this book are being distributed to the soldiers of America and Britain.

German Atrocities

HOW A NATION LOST ITS SOUL

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

Many Photographs of Reproductions of Affidavits, Diaries, Scenes, etc.

12mo, cloth, net \$1.00

Theodore Roosevelt says: "I wish every one in this nation could hear this indictment." The conditions thus described by an unimpeachable witness should wake every man and woman in America.

"Dr. Hillis tells of the cold-blooded murder of babies, little girls and boys and their mothers, by German soldiers and officers; of the mutilation of dead bodies; the devilish ingenuity of the German War Staff, in directing the complete devastation of whole districts; of the torture of French soldiers and Red Cross workers."—*Indianapolis News*.

Studies of the Great War

WHAT EACH NATION HAS AT STAKE

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

12mo, cloth, net \$1.20

"A true index of American sentiment and a brilliant statement of facts."—*N. Y. Times*.

Facing the Hindenburg Line

Being Personal Observations at the Fronts and in the Camps of the British, French, Americans, and Italians, During the Campaigns of 1917

By BURRIS A. JENKINS

12mo, cloth, net \$1.25

In the dual capacity of war-correspondent and Y. M. C. A. lecturer, Mr. Jenkins has had exceptional opportunities for seeing things at close range on the battle-fronts of Europe. In bright, telling fashion he has set down what he saw and heard among the Frenchmen at Verdun, on the British Front, in Northern France and Flanders, with the Italian Armies around Gorizia. Mr. Jenkins' book is marked throughout by a deep sincerity and descriptive powers away above the ordinary. A live, stirring account of life in the European war zone.

